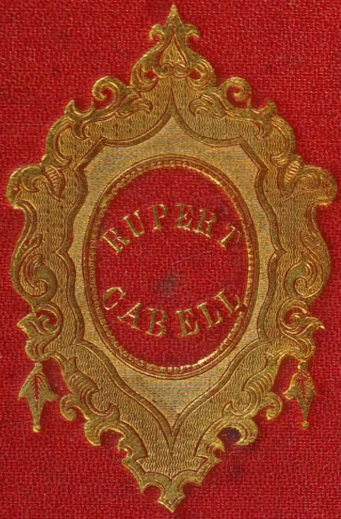
RUPERT
CABELL

Mary Smith. From her
teacher. July 29th/69

"Papa," said James, "will storekeepers trust boys?

See Page 12.

RUPERT CABELL,

BY

JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.,

Author of

Elizabeth Benton, etc.

AND OTHER TALES.

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BY

JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT HEARTED GIRL," "ELIZABETH BENTON;" ET.

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RUPERT CABELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cool autumnal evening. Mr. and Mrs. Warren with their two children, James and Eliza, were sitting before their cheerful fire. Mrs. W. was busily employed in examining and repairing a small basket of stockings, so that they might be ready for the approaching winter. Eliza was making her first attempt at knitting, and interrupted her mother very frequently by asking her to take up the stitches she had dropped. James sat sideways in a chair, whistling to himself a new tune which he had learned, beating time with his head: occasionally a sound would escape his lips, but

with these exceptions his music was inaudible, except to his mind's ear. Mr. Warren sat in his arm-chair, and looked upon the burning hickory as steadily and silently as if he had been reading. He at length looked up and looked round on the circle as if he wanted somebody to talk.

"Papa," said James, "will storekeepers trust boys?"

"Not many of them will," said Mr. Warren.

"Why won't they trust them?"

"Those who are good men, knowing that parents don't wish to have their children get in debt, and that it is wrong for the children to get in debt, will not trust them, of course; and bad men are afraid they will never get their pay."

"Can't they make boys pay their debts?"

"No."

"Well, Mr. Doane told Jim Beach that if he didn't pay him he would put him in jail; and then Jim went and paid him: he owed him a dollar all but five cents, and he took that for in-

terest. I heard Jim brag how he had paid him, and how much it was."

"Yes," said Eliza, "and do you know how he paid him?"

"He got money somehow, I suppose," said James.

"I guess he did get it somehow; he took a dollar bill from his sister's purse, and paid it with that."

"What did she do?"

"She cried, and went without the collar she was going to buy."

"Where did she get the dollar?"

"Her Uncle gave it to her on purpose to buy a collar with."

"Did she tell his father?"

"No."

"Why didn't she?"

"Jim begged so hard, and she couldn't bear to see him whipped."

"He ought to be whipped. Why, it was regular stealing, wasn't it, papa?"

"Certainly, just as bad as if he had gone into Mr. Green's store and took it out of the money-drawer," said Mr. Warren.

"James," said his mother, "did his sister do right in not telling her father?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said James, in a hesitating manner.

"I rather think you do know. What do you think about it?"

"I don't think she did right. She should have told his father."

"Why?"

"So that his father might do something to prevent his doing it again."

"Why did you hesitate when I asked you if his sister should have told her father?"

"Because the boys say, you must never tell; they say a tell-tale is as bad as a thief."

"What do they mean by a tell-tale?"

"Why, one who tells when they have done anything that they would get whipped for if it was found out."

"When any one is called on to bear witness, and he tells the truth in regard to any one's misconduct, he is worse than a thief, is he?"

"That is what they say."

"Don't you know better? Don't your reason and conscience tell you better?"

"Yes, ma'am."

There was a gentle knock at the door, and Rupert Cabell entered. "How do you do, Rupert," said Mr. Warren with great cordiality—"your folks all well?"

"Very well, I thank you sir," said Rupert, taking a seat on the farther side of the room.

"Sit up by the fire," said Mrs. Warren, and she placed a chair for him between herself and Eliza. Rupert was rather shy in taking it, for he had a great admiration of Eliza, nor was she so much duller than other girls as not to be aware of it. Eliza was a little discomposed by the vicinity of the young gentleman—why should'nt she be? She was nearly twelve years old, and as she thought, almost a woman grown.

She dropped more stitches than usual, and was ashamed to ask her mother to take them up for her, and did not succeed very well in doing it herself. Rupert perceived it, and said, "Let me take them up?"

"Do you know how?"

"I'll try."

He took the knitting work, took up the stitches, and knit round to the great amusement and admiration of the circle in general, and Eliza in particular.

"Where did you learn?" said James.

"In my chamber, on my bed."

"When you were sick?"

"Yes. Mother used to come and sit by the bed, and one day as I had nothing better to do I watched her fingers, and I saw the whole thing was very simple. When I got a little stronger, one day I took up her work which she had left on the bed, and knit round a good many times. When she came to take it up, she said, 'I never —I wonder what possessed me to knit so loose

—and I haven't narrowed either—I must have been thinking of something.' "

"What did you say?"

"I said nothing, but put my head under the sheet and laughed. Afterwards I told her all about it. I saw old Mrs. Burton knitting a kind of stitch that I should like to know—it was curious."

"When did you see her?"

"To-day."

"Were you at her house?"

Rupert nodded.

"What were you there for?" said James.

"On an errand."

"What was it?" James was about to ask, but a look from his mother checked him.

"I wonder," said Mr. Warren, "how Mr. Steele is to-day—have you heard?"

"He is better, sir," said Rupert.

"How did you hear?"

"I saw him."

"To-day?"

"Yes, sir, this morning."

"Were you away up there to-day, too?" said James.

Rupert again replied with a nod.

"I should think you were tired," said James, and Eliza looked on him very compassionately.

"We were just speaking about James Beach, as you came in: we were discussing the propriety of his sister's concealing his conduct from his father," said Mrs. Warren.

"His father knows all about it," said Rupert.

"What did he do to him?" said James.

"I don't exactly know, but I guess birch whips are scarcer in that country than they were a week ago. I rather guess James wont go into the credit system again."

"*You* must be a great hand to get in debt," said Mr. Warren, with a long face, but a roguish expression of the eye.

"Me!" said Rupert in astonishment.

"Yes, they say you owe every body something."

Rupert knew what he meant, but said, "They don't know everything," and he began to talk with Eliza very earnestly on the subject of knitting. The conversation was more interesting to them than it would be to the reader.

CHAPTER II.

In the first chapter I mentioned the case of James Beach, who got in debt at the store, and stole money from his sister to pay it, through fear of being sent to jail. A year before this happened, had you asked him if he ever intended to be a thief, he would have thought himself greatly insulted. How did it come about that he became a thief?

I will give some passages in his history, and perhaps you will see how it was that he was led to become a thief.

James Beach and John Hudson were on their way home from the village school. They passed by the only grocery and toy shop which the village contained. The keeper of the shop had just received a fresh supply of cakes, and there was one kind which had never been seen in the village before. The cakes were in the shape of

elephants; they were nicely frosted with white and red sugar, and made, in the children's eyes, a fine appearance. They were set up in the window of the shop to attract the attention, and tempt the appetites of little customers. James had passed that way in the morning, and stopped to gaze upon them for some time, though the bell had rung: in consequence, he was late at school. Then he did not get his lesson very well, for he was inclined to look off from his book, and think of the elephants in the grocery window, with their sides covered with white sugar, and their heads and trunks with red sugar.

When James and John came opposite the grocery window, they made a halt, and gazed with admiration on the elephants. There they stood in a row, leaning against the glass with their trunks raised aloft.

"Oh, how I wish I had one," said James, "don't you?"

"Yes," said John.

"They are only three cents a piece."

"They might as well be three dollars: I have not got three cents, and that is not all, I don't expect to have very soon."

"I wish there was a pane of glass out," said James, with a knowing look.

"If you wish to turn robber," said John, "you can easily break one."

"No, I wouldn't rob, but I was thinking how slily I might put up my hand and take it; I wish I had some money."

"Seeing you havn't, we might as well go home," and he moved on a step or two, but as James did not follow him, he stopped.

"I wish I dared to get trusted," said James.

"You had better not—come, let us go on."

"You go on, I'll overtake you in a minute."

John was suspicious that he meant to get trusted, and was resolved he should not if he could prevent it, so he did not go on. James gave one more look at the elephants, and went on with John towards home, he was not quite

as cheerful and good-natured as usual for the rest of the way. When they parted John said, "You wait for me till I come along in the morning, I'll be early enough to get there before school time."

"Well," said James.

The next morning came, but James did not wait for John. He had a plan to execute which did not require John's presence. He set out for school nearly an hour before the time, and walked very fast till he came to the grocery. He stopped before the window for a moment and went in. "I want one of your elephant cakes," said he, in a bold tone, though his face looked a little red.

The cake was placed on the counter. James then felt in his pockets, put out his lips and looked big. "Well, I declare," said he, "I don't see what has become of it." And he felt in all his pockets again.

"You must have lost it," said a shrewd old

man, who sat in the corner, "it was a five dollar bill, wa'nt it."

"No, it was—" he left the sentence unfinished, for he was not willing to speak a lie, though he was willing to act one.

"I guess it was, if it was anything," said the old man, twisting his face in a manner that showed he understood the whole matter.

"Well, I must have the cake, I'll pay for it to-morrow."

"To-morrow is a bad day; it will be safer to say next year," said the old man. The grocer hesitated, but finally handed him the cake. James took it and came out of the shop with a very red face, and with feelings far less comfortable than those with which he entered it, notwithstanding he had the wished-for cake.

"You set that down to the account of profit?" said the old man to the grocer.

"I guess he will pay," said the grocer.

"May be he will: we'll see."

James had been at the school-house more than half an hour before John came.

"Why did'nt you wait for me?" said John.

"You didn't come," said he, rather sourly.

"I was along by a quarter-past eight."

"You didn't come till after I had gone."

John thought that was not giving much of a reason; but he thought he would not be vexed about it.

James went home at night, and remembered that he had promised to pay for the cake the next day. When he made the promise he had no idea where he could get the money; all he thought of was how to get the cake. Now the cake was eaten up and the promise remained, and sorry enough was he for it. He went to bed thinking about it, and he dreamed about it, and woke up thinking about it, and the thought took away his appetite for breakfast. Nine o'clock drew near, and he must go to school. So he set out, and thought he would keep in the road till he got near the village, and then

go around in the fields to avoid passing the grocery. He did so, and got very wet with the dew by passing through a meadow, and then very muddy by passing over a piece of swampy ploughed ground. He thought he paid dear for the cake, and yet these, so far as he could see, were but the beginning of his troubles. He finally got into the street again. The first thing that he saw was a horse-shoe that some horse had cast. It was nearly new. He ran with it to the blacksmith's shop, and asked him what he would give him for it. The blacksmith took it in his hand and looked at it, then looked at James, then at the sun, then rolled his tobacco quid over in his mouth, and then said, "about three cents."

"You may have it," said James. The blacksmith paid him, and he ran toward the grocery. The old man was in the corner as usual. James laid the money on the counter, making a little more noise than was necessary.

"All right, my boy, you mean to keep your

credit good, I see," said the grocer, and he looked towards the old man as much as to say, you see you were wrong. The old man nodded his head, as much as to say, I give up beat. All this was observed by James.

A few days afterwards James saw some fine oranges in the window at the grocery, and he felt a strong desire to have one. He was tempted to get trusted for one. "I got along the other time so well, I shall get along somehow," thought he. He went in. "I want one of your oranges, but hav'n't the money just now."

"I'll trust *you*," said the man, "you must pay me the first money you get; it will be four cents."

James took it and left the shop in high spirits. He was not obliged to pay to-morrow; he had a great many to-morrows before him. He was not obliged to pay it till he got the money, and said he to himself, "I shall get it some time."

It ran on for a week or two, when a stranger

came along by James' father's and saw in the wood pile a stick which he wanted for a particular purpose, and he offered James sixpence for it. James let him have it. He paid for the orange and had two cents to spare. His credit was now so firmly established that the man told him he would trust him for whatever he wanted.

James then bought another orange, and then a few raisins, and went on from one thing to another till he had got in debt ninety-five cents. Before it got to this amount, however, the grocer began to dun him, and he would put him off with fair promises. James was, as he thought, obliged to lie. He had never been accustomed to that mean vice before. "Men always are obliged to," said he to himself, "when they get in debt and are crowded." Time passed on: James found no more horse-shoes, nor was he able to sell any more wood. He had no means of paying his heavy debt. The grocer dunned him more and more frequently. He felt that he had no peace of his life. He did not dare to tell his

father and ask him for the money:—he did not know which way to turn.

One day the grocer came out and stopped him as he was passing by on the opposite side of the street, and told him he would sue him and put him in jail, if he did not pay him that week.

The man knew he could not do so, but James did not. A man who would lead a boy into debt, would not stick at lying to get the debt.

James was in great distress, and finally was led to the wicked act noticed above. He went to his sister's room, took the dollar bill out of her purse, went and paid the grocer, who, as has been said, kept the five cents for interest, and told James he should trust him no more.

CHAPTER III.

In the first chapter an allusion was made tc Rupert's visit to Mrs. Burton and to Mr. Steele; and to the fact that he owed something to everybody. This chapter will be one of explanations in regard to these matters.

One day—it was a holiday—Rupert was going to see John Hudson to propose an expedition for butternuts. On his way he overtook a woman more than eighty years old, going along with a jug of molasses in her hand. She was bowed down by age, and seemed very weak. It was old Mrs. Burton. She had been to the store with some stockings she had made, and had received some molasses which she was carrying to her log home in a distant part of the township. Rupert pitied the poor old woman, and offered to carry her jug for her. She declined his offer, but he insisted, and she allowed

him to relieve her of her burden. But the burden of years and of sorrow was upon her, and of these he could not relieve her. She tottered along very slowly and breathed with difficulty.

"I wish," said Rupert, "I had a wagon to take you home in."

"It would not do any good if you had," said she, "I couldn't get into it—I must take time and I shall get home—but don't you go out of your way" (for he had turned with her into the lane that led to her house, which was still more than a mile distant), "give me the jug." But Rupert would not give up the jug, but carried it home for her.

He went in and sat down with the lonely woman, thinking it might make her happy for a time. The house was all by itself, and in a very lonely place. As soon as she had taken off her bonnet and shawl, she began to knit a kind of mittens, in the peculiar stitch that Rupert alluded to at Mr. Warren's.

"What makes you go to work so soon? why don't you rest a little?" said Rupert.

"My hands have had a long rest from the knitting needles: I have no time to lose if I would earn a living: we are commanded in the good Book to be diligent in business."

"You read in the Good Book every day, I suppose."

"Oh yes, I don't know what I should do if I didn't. My tea and my flour sometimes fail, but the Bible is always there: Blessed be God."

The Bible was lying on her table which had no cover on, but it was white as snow. Rupert took the Book up and opened it. It was an old and well worn one, and the print was very small.

"Don't it hurt your eyes to read this fine print?"

"It does strain them some; my specs are too young for me now; but it isn't like reading a strange book: if I didn't know what was coming next, when I am reading, I should be put

to it sometimes. But you've got young eyes, you will read to me, wont you?"

Rupert read to her for nearly an hour. Sometimes she would stop him and make remarks on a passage, sometimes applying it to herself, and sometimes to him. He was astonished that a poor uneducated woman could talk almost as well as a minister. But he remembered the teaching of the Spirit, and felt that it was worth more than all human teaching.

He bid her good day, saying he would come again before long and read to her. He felt thankful, as he went on his way, that God could make a poor lone woman happy; and he began to devise ways and means of getting her a Bible with a large type.

"Where have you been?" said James Beach, as he met him coming out of the lane.

"I have been down in the lane."

"Down to the old widow's?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have a queer way of spending

holidays, I must say. I heard your father inquiring for you, just now, as I came by your house."

Rupert waited to hear no more, but went home as fast as he could. He found his father, and asked him what he wanted.

"I have heard that old Mr. Steele is very sick; I guess you had better go and see to him."

"Very well, sir, I should like to," said Rupert.

"You will have to walk, as the horses are in use."

"No matter, I am not tired."

Mr. Steele lived about two miles distant. Mr. Cabell furnished his son with some things which he thought would be useful to the aged sufferer, and he set out. He soon met a troop of boys whooping like a set of wild Indians.

"There is Rupert, we will take him prisoner."

"Surrender," "Surrender," said several voices, as he stopped, and they formed around. "You have got to go with us."

"Where are you going?"

"We are going to a house-moving."

"I can't go now, but I will come as soon as I get back."

"Where are you going?"

"To Mr. Steele's."

"What, away off there? you wont get back till the fun is all over."

"I can't help it."

"I wouldn't go there," said one, "you never will get any thing for it."

"I never expect to, that is not what I go for."

"You shan't go," said the speaker, seizing him.

"Let him alone," said one of the larger boys. He was released, and went on his way. He was almost sorry that he couldn't go with the boys, but soon he thought of the poor sick man, and thought it was of more consequence that an aged sick man should be relieved than that a well boy should see the fun of moving a house.

He found the old man better than he had been. He was very glad, he said, that such a fine boy should take such pains to come so far to see him: it was a great comfort. Rupert found that he had brought the very things the old man needed, and he was certain that he felt more enjoyment in his visit than if he had gone to see the fun.

"I can do nothing but thank you, my young friend," said Mr. Steel, "I've nothing to give, as you see plainly enough," looking on the scanty furniture of the hut, "but God will reward you, you may depend upon it. I hope I'm a disciple, I have no doubt I am; after all the Lord has done for me, it would be a sin to doubt that I am one of his. 'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' Again, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' I am as much obliged to you as

if you were not a going to be paid, but it's a comfort to know that you will be; it's a comfort the Lord gives his poor ones."

Rupert went home feeling that he was already paid. When he got home his mother wanted his assistance, so that he did not go to the house-moving at all. If she had known that he wished to go, she would have excused him, but he did not say anything to her about it. When she came to hear of the great event, and that Rupert had intended to go, she said, "Why did you not tell me about it, my son?"

"I thought my mother's wishes were to be consulted in preference to my own," said Rupert.

"But my real wishes would have been to have you go to the moving, if you desired to."

"And my real wishes were to assist you instead of going to the moving."

His mother kissed him, and dropped a tear on his cheek. Boys often make their mothers weep, but the tears shed are not always of the kind shed by Mrs. Cabell.

At sunset, two of the boys who had been to see the house moved, were going by, talking pretty loud, and Rupert heard one of them say —"I've had all the day to myself."

"I," thought Rupert, "have not had any of the day to myself, and I wouldn't change with you."

The next day Rupert went to school, and overtook a very small boy, crying because his brother had run away from him. His older brother, whose business it was to take care of him, found that the little fellow could not walk fast enough to suit him, and he left him to come on alone, and set off on a run. He heard a drum at the upper end of the street, and he was anxious to get near it. Rupert took the little fellow by the hand, and shortened his own steps to those of the lad, though he would like to have been by the drum.

Presently came hurrying along a group of boys. "There," says one, "there are the trainers, see their red feathers."

"Come on, Rupe," said another, taking hold of his arm, "what are you snailing it with that snub for?"

"You go on," said Rupert, "I shall get there before long. Step as fast as you can," said he, to the little fellow.

"It's his brother's business to take care of him, what is it to you?" continued the boy.

"Never mind, you run on," said Rupert.

"What a fool that fellow is," said he to himself, as he ran along, "always waiting on some body."

I think the reader will now understand the meaning of Mr. Warren's expression to Rupert, "They say you owe every body something." He owed everybody love and kindness.

I hope you will imitate the boy who owed everybody.

THE SNOW STORM.

"Oh it snows, it snows!" said William, as he rose from his bed, and went to the window, and looked out upon the fields which were white with the first snow that had fallen for the season. He dressed himself hastily, and came down to the breakfast room, saying as he entered, "it snows, and I am glad, I hope it will snow all day, and keep on till it is over my head."

He wished to go out immediately and play in the snow, and was rather inclined to be displeased when his mother told him he must not go out till after breakfast and prayers.

His appetite for his breakfast was not very good, nor were his thoughts always where they

should have been during the offering of the morning prayer. With one part of it he was not well pleased. It was a petition for a moderation of the storm in view of the condition of those who had not the means of guarding themselves against its inclemency.

After prayers, he put on his overcoat, and tied down his pantaloons, and fastened the lappets of his cap over his ears, and put on his mittens, and went out into the storm.

The snow was falling fast, and the wind blew fiercely, throwing it into heaps. Into these William plunged, sometimes sinking up to his arms When he had been out about half an hour plunging and rolling in the snow, his mother thought it was best for him to come in, and accordingly called him. He started immediately, but took occasion on the way to roll over several times, in order that as much snow might adhere to his clothes as possible.

He thought he looked well when he came in white with the snow, and stood before the fire.

His mother did not happen to come into the room till it was nearly all melted, and in consequence, his clothes were almost as wet as if he had been in the river. She reproved him for his folly, made him change his clothes, and told him he should not go out again that forenoon.

After he had changed his clothes, he took his station by the window and watched the falling and driving snow, earnestly desiring to sound the banks which were forming in an eddy caused by the position of the house and the woodshed.

The time passed slowly: he began to think that his mother was unjust in keeping him in for wetting his clothes, and foolish in thinking his wet clothes would do him any harm. As he stood indulging these thoughts, which were just as bad in the sight of God as if he had spoken them, the sun suddenly shone out, and the storm appeared to be about to cease.

"Oh dear," said he, "I am afraid it is going to stop snowing."

"I hope it is," said his mother. "There is snow enough for good sleighing."

"William was well nigh angry with his mother for expressing a desire that the storm should cease. He contented himself by saying to himself, "I hope it won't stop." He was not aware that by so doing, he was guilty of the sin of disrespect towards his mother.

"Our wishes will not make any difference with respect to the continuance of the storm," said his mother.

"I know it," said William, and if we could have looked into his heart, we should have seen that he was a little vexed with the good Lord because his wishes were not consulted in the matter.

His father came in at this moment, and saw from the expression of his son's countenance that he was somewhat out of humour.

"What is the matter, my son?" said he.

"It is going to stop snowing," said William in

a tone which one would naturally use in describing an injury received.

"You regard it as a great calamity, do you?"

"I don't want it to stop."

"Why not?"

"I want the snow deeper to play in."

"You would have the Lord change his plans to suit your fancy, I suppose."

William felt the rebuke and was silent, though he was not convinced of his sin and folly.

In about an hour, William's father had his horse and sleigh brought to the door, and told his son that he might ride with him. He drove to the outskirts of the township, and stopped before a lonely log house.

"What are you going to stop here for, papa?"

"I have business here."

William wondered what business he could have in such a house. They entered. On a bed in one corner of the only room in the house, there was a sick woman, who had her knitting work in her hands.

There were openings between the logs through which the snow had blown in great quantities. There was quite a little heap at the foot of the bed. The poor woman was suffering from a paralysis of her lower limbs, and hence could not remove the snow.

There were a few sticks of green wood in the huge fire place; they smoked but did not burn. The room was very cold. The water pail that stood on a table in the middle of the room was frozen over hard.

"Where is John?" said William's father.

"I sent him to the store to get a little meal for breakfast."

"Hav'ent they had any breakfast yet?" whispered William to his father.

"He was sick yesterday," said the woman, "so sick that he could not hold up his head, but he is better to-day. I did not dare to let him go out till the storm was over. I hope he will be back soon. I made out to get a pair of stockings done, and I told him to take them to Mr.

Brown, and tell him to let us have as much meal as he thought they were worth."

While she was yet speaking, John came in. He was not much older than William. He was pale and thin, and his face was almost blue with the cold. He had a small tin pail filled with meal. He was about to mix some of it with water before he attempted to warm himself The truth was, he was suffering more from hunger than from cold.

William's father went out to the sleigh and brought in a basket which William had not noticed. It contained some bread, and cold meat, and some tea and sugar. He gave John a piece of bread and meat which he ate with avidity. He then went to his sleigh again, and brought in the board that covered the sleigh box, or seat, and split it up for fuel, and by that means caused the green wood to burn. After giving John some directions and offering some words of encouragement and consolation to the invalid he took his leave.

He gave John a piece of bread and meat which he ate with avidity. *See Page* 46.

The ride home was a silent one, William asked no questions, and his father thought it best to leave him to his own thoughts.

Just as they reached the house, he said to his son, "It would have been better to have had the storm continue all day, would it?"

"No sir," said William, promptly, but with a feeling of shame.

"Why not? You would have had deeper snow to play in."

"Yes sir, but when I said I wished it to keep on snowing, I did not think how it might affect other folks."

"I hope you will remember the lesson you have learned this morning."

THE MOTHER VERSUS THE ROBINS.

THE month of February, 18— was unusually mild for the climate of New England. There was a long succession of clear, sunny days, which caused the snows to disappear, and released the earth in many places from the frost. Then there came a fall of rain, and then another series of fine warm days. March opened in the same pleasant manner. It seemed as if spring had come in good earnest. The birds thought so, and began to make their appearance. First, you heard the blue bird's sweet notes, which he seemed to utter to announce his coming, and to invite you to look out for him. Then he showed himself on a distant tree in his blue coat and white pantaloons. Then you

heard the robin's note, and looking up, you saw him on the tree beside the house, in his brown coat and red waistcoat. Certainly it looked and sounded like spring.

Mary and Isaac (who were twins) were out in this fine weather, as you may well suppose. They asked their mother, many times in the day, if spring had yet come? She told them that there would be cold weather and snow yet. Now once asking was sufficient. If, after the continuance of the fine weather they had asked her again, it would not have been improper; but thus to keep asking her every day, and many times in a day, was highly improper. It would seem to show that they paid very little attention to what she said, or that they did not believe her. It was in fact owing to a habit into which children often fall—the habit of asking unnecessary questions. I hope the reader has not formed this habit. If he has, I hope he will correct it at once, for it is a very unpleasant and annoying one.

BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL
DE MAESTROS
Sección de Referencia

There were a couple of robins who had passed the winter in a neighbouring swamp. They were rather indolent in the autumn, and were not ready to go south when the robins's caravan started.

While they were considering what was to be done, whether it was best to set out alone or not, winter set in, and they were obliged to seek such shelter as they could find.

They went into a swamp, and found a hollow tree. They climbed up the inside of it as far as they could, and lay as close together as possible. As it was a very mild winter they did not perish, though they came very near it.

When the warm days of which I have spoken came, they thought it was spring, and came out from their hiding place, and began to look around for a building spot. They chose a tree which stood in Mr. Freeman's garden, and began to collect materials for a nest. If their mother had been there to tell them that spring had not come yet, they would have believed

her, and would not have commenced building.

Isaac saw one of these birds with a mouthful of straw, and pretty soon the other came along with a mouthful of wool. He called Mary, and pointed them out to her. The children then ran to their mother, making the gravel stones fly merrily behind their feet.

"Mother, mother," they both exclaimed, "spring has come certainly, for the robins are building their nests, and they know."

"Poor little things! I'm sorry for them. They will lose their labour. There will be snow and hard frosts yet. If they get their nests done, and have eggs, they will be frozen and destroyed," said Mrs. Freeman.

"But, mother, they must know, it must be spring," said Isaac. His mother was grieved that her son should dispute her word so plainly and rudely, and made him no reply.

Isaac and Mary went out again, to observe the birds. They had laid the foundation of

their nest on a limb in the apple tree. They worked very fast, and ever and anon one would perch himself on the top of the tree, and sing a few notes, and then at his work again.

"Mary," said Isaac, "there is no doubt but that spring has come; let us make our garden, and plant our flower seeds."

"I think we had better ask mother," said Mary.

"No, no. She will say that spring has not come, and perhaps will forbid our working in the ground."

Mary rather unwillingly yielded to his wishes. She knew that she ought not to do any thing which it was probable her mother would forbid, if it were known to her. She knew that this was disobedience of the heart, seen and disapproved of God. But her own desires and her brother's wishes caused her to yield to the temptation.

They got their tools and prepared to make their garden. Isaac used a spade, and Mary a

hoe. Both worked very hard. Isaac's coat was soon off, and thrown on the ground.

"Mother would not let you do that, if she knew it," said Mary.

"She has not said I shouldn't," said Isaac. Here was another example of disobedience of the heart.

Mary soon found her bonnet too warm, and she laid it aside, and worked bareheaded.

When the ground was prepared, as they thought, for the seed, Isaac put on his coat and Mary her bonnet, and they went to their mother, and asked her for their flower seeds. These they had gathered, and put up the last summer, with great care.

"Your seeds will never come up—they will rot in the ground, and you will lose them."

"The robin is building his nest," said Isaac.

Their mother, thinking it would be best to let them suffer the penalty of their folly, gave them their seeds. They had nearly finished planting them, when night approached, and

their mother called them in, for fear they should take cold.

They were very tired, and went early to bed. They went to sleep, intending to rise very early in the morning, and finish planting their garden.

Isaac awoke first in the morning, and attempted to rise, but found he could not stir his limbs without great pain. He called to Mary, who slept in the adjoining room. She did not answer him, but after some time she came into the room, carrying her head as carefully as if it was made of glass, and she was afraid of breaking it.

She moved her lips, but did not speak.

"Why don't you speak, and what do you hold your head so for?"

She shook her hand, and coming close to him, said with difficulty, in a whisper, "I've got such a cold that I can't speak, and such a sore neck that I can't turn my head."

"That's comfortable, now," said Isaac, "I've got such a cold that I can't move hand or foot

without great pain. But draw aside the curtain, and let us see how it looks out doors."

Mary did so. With a good many Oh's and Ah's, he raised himself up in bed, so that he could get a view of the distant hill side. It was as white as in midwinter.

"Is there snow in the garden?" said he.

Mary whispered a reply.

"Well," said he, as he laid himself slowly and painfully down in the bed, "I think it will be as well to believe mother instead of the robins, next time."

He reflected on the folly, and afterwards on the wickedness of disbelieving and disobeying his mother. He had abundant time for reflection, for the inflammatory rheumatism set in and confined him to his bed for nearly three months. When he left his chamber, the spring was over. He felt that the way of transgressors is hard.

Mary did not not suffer so severely. She went with her throat bound up in flannels sev

eral days before she could speak. The first use she made of her voice, when she recovered it, was to confess her fault to her mother, and promise not to disobey either in deed or heart in future.

I cannot tell you what became of the robins. They never made their appearance again.

Mary was in hopes that they would come back when warm weather came, and finish their nest, but they never did. Whether they perished in the snow storm, or went to another place, I do not know.

The ruins of their premature foundation remained on the tree for a long time, and served to remind Mary and Isaac of their own folly and sin.

THE LENT HALF DOLLAR.

"WHAT are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think that there was some serious cause for it.

"I'm hungry," said the boy, "and I can't get nothing to eat."

He don't go to our school, or he would have said get *any thing* to eat. But Arthur did not stop to criticise his language.

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't any thing for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any. He was *drownded* away off at sea."

"Drowned, you should say;" said Arthur and then he was sorry that he had said so, for it looked as though he did not feel for his troubles. "Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me, and I'll get you something." Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few cents in his pocket, just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him. The boy took the loaf, and though he did not break it, he looked at it so wistfully, that Arthur took his knife and cut off a piece and gave it to him to eat. He ate in a manner which showed that he had not deceived Arthur when he told him he was hungry. The tears came into Arthur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry bread with such eagerness. He remembered, with some self-reproach, that

he had sometimes complained when he had nothing but bread and butter for tea.

On their way to the boy's home, Arthur learned that the family had moved into the place about a week before; that his mother was taken sick the day after they came, and was unable to leave her bed; that there were two children younger than himself; that their last food was eaten the day before; that his mother had sent him out to beg for the first time in his life; that the first person he asked told him beggars would be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask any body else, but was returning home when Arthur overtook him and asked what he was crying for.

Arthur went in, and saw a good looking woman on the bed, with two children crying by her side. As he opened the door, he heard the oldest say, "Do mamma, give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed, and

gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur said, "He bought it for me."

"Thank you," said the woman, "may God bless and give you the bread of eternal life."

The oldest little girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf, and struggled hard to do so, but did not speak. Seeing that the widow's hands were weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He then gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something else for her as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Bertron, who lived near, and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk and bread, and tea, and sugar and butter, and sent word she would come herself, as soon as she got the baby asleep.

Arthur had half a dollar at home, which he

wished to give to the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him that he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it, so as to make something. He knew his father would not let him give it away, for he was not a Christian, and thought of little else than of making and saving money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was sent to school to a pious teacher, who cared for his soul. Knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit aided her efforts, and before he was eight years of age, there was reason to hope that he had been born again.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length he hit upon a plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should

begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done, he would show him whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility. In view of these facts, Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half dollar?" said he.

"To some spendthrift, boy?" said his father.

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head. He would not inquire what it was, for he wished Arthur to decide that for himself. He told him to lend it, but to be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half dollar, and ran to the poor widow and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night, his father asked him, if he had put out his money.

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Who did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a starving widow, in Mr. Hare's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, sir," said Arthur, "I did lend it." He opened his Bible, which he had ready, with his finger on the place, and read, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' "I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! He will never pay you."

"Yes, he will—it says he will repay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was the old man was pleased with

the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half a dollar. "Here, the Lord will never pay you—I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said Arthur to himself, "the Lord has paid me, and much sooner than I expected: I did'nt hardly expect he would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and the gold and silver are his, and He has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept up the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid, and often several times over.

A very safe way of lending money is that of lending it to the Lord.

THE POOR WIDOW'S MITTENS.

One morning, John Simmons was sent to purchase some articles at Mr. Hamet's store. Just before he reached the store, he overtook a poor, decrepid widow, who walked with a crutch. She made her way along very slowly, but John thought he would not pass her; it might remind her more strongly of her infirmity, and make her feel sad. I do not think it would, for she had long since become resigned to her lot. Still it was noble in John to have the regard for the feelings of the poor woman which was manifested by his slowly walking behind her. When she came to the store, she entered it and walked up to the counter, and placed upon it a pair of curiously wrought woolen mittens. Mr. Hamet

was sitting behind the counter on a high stool, near the window, and was busily employed in looking into the street, though no one was passing, and nothing was to be seen there except the usual quantity of dust. He did not get down from his perch when the widow entered the store, or notice her in any way. She stood by the counter in silence, and he kept looking out of the window. At length she spoke.

"I want you to take these mittens, and let me have some things out of the store, if you will."

Mr. Hamet then slid slowly off from his stool, and came and took up the gloves, and casting a hasty glance at them, threw them down, saying in a depreciating tone, "And how much do you expect to get for those things?"

"I don't know. As much as you can afford to give. I need it all."

If she expected all Mr. Hamet could afford to give, she had very unfounded expectations. As to the fact of her needing it all, there could be

"You think you can't take them?" said the widow, with a voice a little tremulous. *See Page* 71.

no doubt. She had no relatives to depend on, and her infirmities rendered her incapable of performing many kinds of labour. She did what she could, and trusted in the promise—"Bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure."

"I don't know," said Mr. Hamet, "as I should ever sell them—can't afford to give much," and he walked towards the window, and resumed his observations on the street.

The old woman stood leaning on her crutch in silence, and as John gazed upon her furrowed and care-worn countenance, his heart ached for her.

"You think you can't take them?" said the widow, with a voice a little tremulous.

"Why—I don't know," leaving the window and coming towards her very slowly. "I must take them, I suppose; but I can't give much for them." Taking them up—"I suppose I can allow you twenty cents for them."

"How much did you say?" said the widow, looking in his face with an expression that made

John turn aside, and use the cuff of his coat, to keep his eyes in order.

"Why, I said twenty—perhaps I might sell them for twenty-five." The look had made some impression on his heart. "I'll give you twenty-five for them."

"You may take them," in a sad voice, which put John's cuff again in requisition, but he took care not to let Mr. Hamet see it.

Some tea and sugar were weighed out, and the widow retired, and John was about to follow her, when a gentleman entered the store. The mittens were still lying on the counter.

"What have you here?" said the gentleman, taking up the mittens.

"Something you will want next winter."

The gentleman put them on. "They are nice, certainly. How much are they?"

"I'll let you have them for—seventy-five cents. They would be cheap at a dollar; but I bought them cheap, and can sell them so."

The gentleman made no objection to the

price, paid for the mittens, purchased some other articles, and departed.

John's indignation was now about fever heat. Mr. Hamet asked him what he would have, in a very pleasant tone and with a soft smile, but John answered "Nothing," in a manner very unlike his usually polite one.

John ran after the gentleman, with whom he was well acquainted. "I think I ought to tell you, sir, Mr. Hamet bought those mittens from widow Fowler for twenty-five cents, and she almost cried when he didn't give her more. He was not a going to give her only twenty, but he did give her twenty-five in tea and sugar."

"Are you sure that what you say is correct, John?"

"Yes, sir, I was in the door all the time, and heard all he said. He didn't seem to see me."

"The scoundrel," said the gentleman.

"There the poor old woman goes now," said John.

"John, my friend, will you run and give her

this?"—handing him a half dollar—"tell her the man who bought the mittens sent it to her; but don't tell her who it was."

John very joyfully executed the commission.

"I'm very thankful. I can now get what I wanted, said the widow."

"Don't go to Mr. Hamet's store to get them. He'll be sorry for wronging you so, or I'm mistaken."

"I thought he didn't allow me as much as I ought to have, but I didn't know. We must not judge harshly. The other store is so far"—

"Tell me what you want, and I will go and get it."

"No, I'll go myself," and she set off and moved much faster than she did before she received the half dollar. John felt better than he did before she received it, but not towards Mr. Hamet.

"The smooth-tongued scoundrel!" said he to himself aloud, as he entered the dooryard of his home. His father overheard him, and asked

him who he was abusing? John told him the whole story. Mr. Simmons listened with interest, and felt as much indignation as John did; but while he praised his sympathy for the poor, he reproved him for the expression he had overheard, and checked him when he thought he used too strong language in describing Mr. Hamet's conduct.

"So, you didn't get the things I sent you for?"

"No, sir. I came home to ask your leave to get them at the other store."

"I have no objection, certainly. It is some what farther to go."

"I don't care for that. With your permission, I will always go there."

"Very well."

As John did most of the shopping for the family, it was quite a matter to him to go to the other store, but he preferred the additional labour to dealing with the oppressor of the widow.

When he had made any purchases, and was carrying them home, he would always walk

very slowly when he passed Mr. Hamet's store, that he might see him. I am not sure but there was some wrong feeling in this; and I am quite sure there was something wrong in a reply John made to Mr. Hamet once, when he spoke to him. Mr. H. was standing in the door as John was going by from the other store with quite a load of things. "Simmons, why do you always pass me by lately?"

"Didn't you buy a pair of mittens of widow Fowler," said John in a bitter tone, and with a saucy look of the eye. Mr. Hamet blushed, and went into the store.

John was sorry that he had said it, as soon as it had passed his lips; and the more he thought of it, the more sorry he was, till by the time he got home he was crying about it.

His father asked him what was the matter, and he told him frankly. As he was penitent, Mr. Simmons only expressed his sorrow that his son should speak so to any man, and his earnest hope he would never do so again.

"Indeed, sir, I never will."

In order to avoid the possibility of any thing of that nature happening again, John ceased to make any display of his purchases. He continued to purchase at the other store, but was careful not to do or say any thing designed to injure Mr. Hamet's feelings. That, doubtless, was the true way.

THE CONTESTED SEAT.

"I DECLARE I will never speak to Susan Green again as long as I live," said Matilda, as she entered the house on coming home from school.

"My daughter," said her mother, "I hope I may never hear you make such a remark again. It is very unamiable and very wrong."

"Well, mother, I feel so, and may just as well say so."

"You have no right to feel so; and besides one sin does not excuse another sin. Wrong feeling does not justify wrong speaking."

"Well, I can't help feeling so; and I don't see how I can be to blame for what I can't help; Susan is *so* provoking."

"What does she do?"

"She is always getting my seat, and won't give it up to me, and laughs at me when I tell her to give it up; and if she gets any body else's place, she gives it up as soon as she is asked."

In the school to which Matilda went, a particular seat was not set apart for each of the pupils. They were at liberty to choose for themselves. Those who came first to the school house in the morning took such seats for the day as pleased them.

Matilda, therefore, did not tell the exact truth when she said that Susan took her seat; for as Susan arrived at the schoolhouse first, she had a right to take whatever seat she chose.

"Did you ever ask Susan in a pleasant way, to give you the seat for which you have such a fancy?"

"I don't know as I asked her: I told her it was mine, and told her to give it up, and she only laughed at me."

"That is to say, you ordered her to resign a

seat which she had a right to retain, and laughed at your folly, instead of getting angry as you would have done, if you had been in her place. My dear, you are pursuing a very unwise and sinful course. You displease God, and make yourself disagreeable to all your companions."

"I can't help it."

"Matilda, you know better. You know that you can help it. You know that you are to blame for your feelings—your conscience tells you so."

"I suppose I am to blame for feeling cross, but I don't see how I can help feeling cross when I am treated so badly. So long as Susan keeps getting my seat, I don't see how I can feel otherwise. I can put my hand on my mouth and not say any thing, but I don't see what good that would do."

"It would do a great deal of good, even if it were true that you could do nothing else. By not speaking, you will avoid stirring up strife,

and will be aided in getting control of your feelings. If you feel at any time the risings of anger, and refuse to give it any expression by word or act, it will soon pass away. But, it is not true that you cannot feel pleasantly towards Susan. Does she never take any other seat but that which you call yours?"

"Yes, ma'am; yesterday, she took Bella Hall's."

"What did Bella say?"

"She only smiled as she came in; and don't you think, Susan offered her the seat without her asking for it, and she would'nt take it. And to-day, Susan would not give up mine when I asked her for it."

"Did you ask her, or order her, to give it to you?"

"Why—I told her to give it up."

"Bella Hall, you say, smiled when she saw that Susan had taken her seat? It seems that she did not feel cross. Why is it necessary that

you should feel differently from her, in the same circumstances?"

"I don't know—she is always pleasant, and gives way to everybody."

"In other words, she keeps an even temper and obeys the law of kindness; while you suffer your feelings to rise, and rule you without restraint. If you would cultivate and govern your temper, you could take things as pleasantly as Bella does. I wish you to go to your chamber, and think the matter over; consider what will be the effect of the course you are pursuing on your own happiness and that of your friends; above all, consider how God regards it. I wish you would not leave your room till you are convinced of the folly and sinfulness of the remark with which our conversation began."

Matilda went to her chamber. At first, she employed herself in seeking for arguments in defence of what she had done and said; but her conscience took up the other side of the question, and showed her that all her arguments were

unsound. She next thought of Bella Hall's sweet smile and kind manner towards every body, and of the effect thereof in securing the respect and love of every body. She compared her own course with Bella's, and came fully to the conclusion that Bella's was the wiser and better one. She then thought of the mild, and gentle, and benevolent example of the Saviour when on earth, and she began to feel ashamed and sorry for her sin.

She was now able to see things in their true light. She saw that Susan had a perfect right to take the seat in question, and that she had no right to require her to give it up. She knew that if she had asked Susan for the seat in a polite manner, she would have given it to her very cheerfully. She remembered that Susan had never taken the seat but twice, instead of "always" taking it, as she told her mother. She saw that no one had been to blame but herself. She wept over her folly and guilt. She kneeled down and asked God's forgiveness and

His aid to enable her in future to obey the law of kindness.

She then dried her tears and washed her face, and went down to her mother; but as soon as she saw her, she began to weep again. She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and wept upon her bosom. At length she said—"Mother, I have been very naughty; forgive me, and pray for me, that God may forgive me."

Her mother pressed her to her heart: and wept tears of joy over the repenting sinner.

The next morning, when Matilda reached the school-room, she found Susan in the seat which she had occupied the day before. Susan did not take it for the purpose of vexing Matilda. She designed to take another seat, but of the girls requested her to sit by her, and help her get her lesson.

When Matilda was seen coming, some of the girls said, "Now there will be war again." Matilda came into the school-room in a very quiet manner, and the girls were struck with

the sad expression of her countenance. As she passed Susan, on her way to put her bonnet in its place, she looked at her kindly, and tried to smile. Susan read in her countenance the evidence of repentance and of a better mind. With one of her sweetest smiles, she insisted that Matilda should take the seat. Some meaning looks were exchanged by some of the girls, but all treated Matilda with kindness. There is something in the showings of repentance, which commands respect and sympathy. Matilda persevered in her new course, and reaped the reward of well doing.

FLOWERS.

LITTLE Thomas was a great lover of flowers It is pleasant to see this disposition in young persons. It indicates refinement of feeling, and gives us some reason to hope that the love of beauty and goodness will grow in the soul, and adorn the conduct of life.

Thomas had a piece of ground in the garden which he called his own. In it he set roses and other flowering shrubs, and planted at the proper time, a great many flower seeds. He kept it very free from weeds, and when there was a lack of rain, he carried water from the cistern and watered such plants as drooped. In consequence, he had the pleasure of causing many flowers to unfold their beauties and diffuse their fragrance. It cost him a good deal of labour,

but then it was labour well bestowed. He felt that he was abundantly paid for it, by the pleasure which the flowers afforded to his friends and himself.

He kept his garden in fine order during the whole season. Some boys and girls will begin a garden with great zeal, and will keep the weeds out for a while; but by and by they get tired, and let the weeds choke the flowers. A flower garden, like the heart, must be kept with diligence at all times.

Thomas was unwilling that his flowers should be picked. He was willing to pick them for such persons as he knew would prize them, and take care of them. He was not willing to pick them for those who would hold them for a little while, and then throw them away, or tear them to pieces, as you have often seen persons do. He looked upon this as a waste of beauty which ought not to be allowed. He thought that we had no more right wantonly to waste beauty, than to waste money.

Some visitor who had little regard for flowers or sense of propriety, had been in Thomas' garden, and left rather unpleasant traces of his visit. When Thomas next went to his garden, he exclaimed, "who has been in my garden? My finest moss rose is gone, and here is a handful of verbenas pulled off and thrown away, and this satin striped marigold has been trampled upon—it is to bad," and he sat down on a rustic seat near, and wept.

At this moment Mr. Frame came along, and asked him 'what he was crying for?'

"Somebody has been destroying my garden."

"Have the cattle been in it?"

"It's somebody worse than that, sir."

Mr. Frame came into the garden to see the mischief. Thomas pointed out to him where the missing rose had been, and the scattered verbenas, and the injured marigold.

"Pooh," said Mr. Frame, "I thought some damage had been done. These things are

worth nothing, I wouldn't cry about such a matter."

Thomas looked at him with a feeling of irritation in his heart, but did not speak for fear he should say something wrong. He had learned that when he felt vexed with any person it was best not to say anything to him. This is an excellent rule. Some persons always express their feelings in such cases, and call it frankness; whereas it is only being led captive by Satan at his will. The true way is to say nothing till the feeling of vexation has passed away.

When Mr. Frame had made the above remark, he took a walk through the vegetable garden, and viewed the cucumbers and cabbages with great interest. By the time he came back to the place where Thomas was, Thomas had got cool, and thought it was safe to speak to him.

"Mr. Frame, I don't think you do right to despise flowers."

"What are they good for? They are of no use?"

"What would you say, sir, if I were to tell you that the curious wheel which I saw you making yesterday was of no use?"

"I should tell you, that was all you knew about it."

Thomas was tempted to answer, "when you say flowers are of no use, that is all you know about it," but he knew it would not be respectful.

"Do you think, sir," said he, "that the Lord would make flowers, if they were of no use?"

"The Lord don't make them."

"The Lord don't make them! I wonder who does, then?"

"No-body makes them; they grow themselves."

"What makes them grow?"

"The rain, and sunshine, and soil, &c."

"Who makes the sun and rain and soil, sir?"

"I can't stop to argue with a boy. My advice

to you is to have done with such things, and to attend to something which will be profitable."

And he went his way with a feeling that he *had* stopped to argue with a boy, and that the boy had the best of the argument.

While Thomas was engaged in repairing damages as far as possible, and putting his garden in order, his thoughts continued to be occupied with the subject of the utility of flowers. He knew that the Lord never did anything in vain, and he thought he would consider and set in order in his mind the uses of flowers, so that he might have an answer ready should he again fall in with one who held the opinions advanced by Mr. Frame.

But he did not succeed very well, so, when he had finished what he had to do in his garden, he went to his father to get him to explain the subject to him. I wish the reader would follow Thomas' example. When you wish to understand the reason of a thing, try to think it out yourself, and when you have tried faithfully

and can't succeed, *then* ask your parents. They will always be pleased to be questioned under such circumstances. Some boys always ask the reasons of things before they have tried to find them out themselves and thus weary the patience of their friends.

"Papa," said Thomas, "of what use are flowers? I don't ask because I don't think they are of use, but I wish to know what to answer those who say they are of no use, and that we ought not to spend time upon them."

"They are of use to make us happy. They give us a pure and innocent pleasure," said his father.

"Is it not wrong to despise them?"

"Suppose your father were to make you a very curious instrument, to please you, and should paint it in the most beautiful manner, would it be right for you to despise it?"

"No, sir, it would be an insult to my father."

"If your father were absent from you, and

were to send you such an instrument, it would please you—what else would it do?"

"It would make me think of him when I saw it."

"This is another of the uses of flowers. They are not only designed to give us pleasure, but to remind us of our Father who is in Heaven—of his goodness to us. Whenever you look at a flower and admire and enjoy its beauty, you should say to yourself, *my Father made it*—you should regard it as a token of your Father's goodness, and resolve to make greater efforts to please and honor Him.

FEEDING ON THE WIND.

One evening as Mr. Harlan was reading the scriptures at family worship, he read the 12th chapter of Hosea, in which the phrase "Ephraim feedeth on the wind" occurs. Little Edward who was about eight years old noticed the expression, and wondered what it meant. He gave close attention to the remainder of the chapter in hopes that he might hear something which would explain the expression; but he was disappointed. When he kneeled down during the prayer, the thought of that remarkable expression so filled his mind that he did not attend to or join with the prayer which his father offered. This was wrong, very wrong. t was insulting God by pretending to worship

Him. It was drawing near unto him with the lips while the heart was far from him.'

You must always keep wandering thoughts out of your mind when you take the attitude of prayer. You must pray with the person who offers the prayer.

But some one may say, my father never prays, so I am not guilty of this sin. Well, I am very sorry for you, I should be afraid to live in a house where there is no family prayer.

After prayer, Edward went to his father and said, "father, is the wind good to eat?"

"What put such an idea into your head?"

"What you read before prayers, sir, *Ephraim feedeth upon the wind.* I don't know what it means."

"You know who Ephraim was?"

"Yes, sir, he was one of the sons of Jacob, but, he was dead before the book of Hosea was written."

"Ephraim is put for the descendants of Ephraim; just as New Jersey is put for the people

of New Jersey, when we say New Jersey voted for Mr. Clay. You know what *feedeth* means."

"Yes, sir, it means to eat."

"No, it don't," said his little sister who had listened very attentively to what had been said, "it don't mean to eat; for when we feed the chickens we don't eat them."

"That is true, sister, we don't eat them till after we have fed them, and they have grown fat; but the word feed, in this place, means to eat. It has two meanings. But, papa, I don't see how any body can eat the wind."

"The word wind, is not used in a literal but a figurative sense; just as in the case of parables: they are never to be taken literally."

"I don't know as I quite understand what papa means by literally."

"Take a parable, for example that of the householder in the 21st chapter of Matthew. The Saviour did not mean to have the people understand that there was a certain man who did and said the things there recorded. He de-

signed to show them, by means of the comparison, how men had treated God and the Redeemer, and the consequence of such conduct."

"In a parable, then, one thing is *said*, and another is *meant*."

"Yes."

"Is that right? ought we not always to say what we mean?"

"Certainly, in our intercourse with our fellow men we ought; we should never intentionally deceive; but in the case of parables there is no intention of deceiving—a fictitious story is told for sake of communicating truth."

"Mr. L. said it was wrong to tell a story unless it was true."

"Certainly, if you profess to tell it as truth."

"But he said it was wrong to have a book in which the story was not true."

"Then he must be wiser than the inspired men of old, and wiser than the Great Teacher. The parables are nothing but fictitious stories

designed to communicate and illustrate the truth."

"But papa, you have not told me what the wind means in the verse you read."

"It is put for those objects of human pursuit which are no better adapted to satisfy the desires of the soul than wind is adapted to satisfy the cravings of hunger. One man thinks he will be happy, if he become rich. So he strains every nerve for this purpose: perhaps he succeeds—perhaps not. In either case he feeds upon the wind; he pursues that which can never satisfy the wants of the soul—which can never make him happy."

"But are not rich people happier than poor folks? I always thought they were."

"There is nothing in mere riches which is able to give happiness. There are many rich people who are very unhappy. They have no enjoyment in their riches nor in any thing else."

"What is the reason?"

"Because they do not love God; because their

hearts are not right before him. God has determined that none but those who love him shall be happy. He has made a solemn declaration of this truth. Yet men will not believe Him. Each one thinks that he will try the experiment; hence so few are happy—so many feed upon the wind."

"Charles Foster says that he is glad that no rich people will ever get to heaven."

"What a wicked speech!"

"I told him it was wicked, but he said they had so many comforts more than he had."

"If he cherishes such a temper, it is certain that he will never see heaven. The spirit of heaven is the spirit of love."

"But papa, *wont* there be *any* rich folks in heaven? not *one?*"

"Why, my dear boy, you speak as though you believed what Charles said."

"You know what the Bible says, sir,—'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a

needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Well," said Mr. H. waiting for Edward's interpretation of the passage.

"A camel can't possibly go through the eye of a needle, and if it is easier for a camel to do that than for a rich man to be saved, then I don't know how a rich man can be saved."

"Your reasoning would be good if the passage was to be understood literally. It was not intended to be so understood. The people to whom the words were addressed did not so understand it. They were accustomed to that mode of expression. They knew that the Saviour meant by that expression to teach the great difficulty, not the impossibility of the rich man's salvation. There are great difficulties in the way of the rich man's salvation, but they can be overcome. Many have overcome them and have gone home to glory. Many rich men are now serving God and their generation, and will follow them. There is nothing wrong in

riches; it is their effect on the heart of the possessor which makes the difficulty with respect to salvation. These are, as the Saviour teaches us, very great; and should lead us to offer the prayer of Agur, ***give me neither poverty or riches.***"

ONLY ONCE.

"COME, let us go and get some strawberries," said John to Henry, who had come to spend the afternoon of a fine June day with him, "there are oceans of them over there in the field beyond the meadow."

"Oceans of them!" said Henry in amazement. "The ocean is a great way off," contin ued he, as though he was speaking to himself.

"I know it is," said John, "but the strawberries are not; so come on."

Henry stood still, as if wrapt in thought.

"What are you thinking about," said John, noticing his perplexed looks.

"No matter," said Henry. His countenance

cleared up as he said this, and he began to follow his friend.

The truth was, it took Henry some time to find out what John meant when he said there were oceans of strawberries. He had been away from home but very little, and there he was accustomed to hear his parents say just what they meant, and he was taught to do the same; and he did not know but that other boys were taught in the same manner. He thought every body meant what they said, and hence he was puzzled to understand John's extravagant language.

It is a great deal better not to form the habit of using extravagant language. Does any one ask what hurt it does to speak in that manner, when it is known that you do not mean to lie? I answer to this question, that it does not do any good to speak in this manner, and it leads to evil. It will be very apt to lead one into habits of falsehood. Saying things that are not true with no intention to deceive, will lead one to say things that are not true *with* the inten

tion to deceive. We ought at all times to speak the truth.

A fine meadow lay between the house before which the boys were standing and the pasture field which contained the strawberries. The grass had grown nearly high enough to be mowed, and would therefore be injured by any person passing through it. John's father had told him that he must not go through it any more, but must go round it when he wished to go for strawberries. It was a little farther round.

When John had said to Henry, "Come on," he began to climb the fence to get over into the meadow. Henry was a thoughtful boy, and asked him if his father would like to have him go through the grass?

"He told me not to, but I'll go through this once, only," said John.

"I would'nt if my papa had told me not to," said Henry

"Why, it won't do any hurt to go through once—only once."

"It will be disobeying your parent, and that is enough. If the good Lord makes strawberries grow for us, I think we ought not to disobey him while we are getting them. Come, it is but a little way round."

Thus urged, John got down from the fence, and went round with Henry.

He did well in following the good advice of his friend, and the dictates of his conscience; for Henry's words had taken hold of his conscience.

This *only once* is the cause of a great deal of mischief in this world. When a person resolves to do what he knows to be wrong *only once*, he cannot tell how many times he will do it. The way that Satan gets men entirely in his power is by tempting them to do some sinful act *only once*. He knows it will be easier to get them to do it a second time, and so on till they are led captive by him at his will.

It was well for John that he had a friend who tried to lead him to do right, instead of encouraging him to do wrong. In choosing friends and companions, choose such as will keep you back from sin rather than lead you into it. If Henry had followed John when he said, "Come on," or had urged him to go through the meadow, John would have disobeyed his father, would have offended God, and perhaps have laid the foundation for his ruin. Be sure that you always keep your friends back from evil if you can.

The boys entered a corner of the field, in consequence of going round, which they would not have thought of visiting if they had gone through the meadow. In this corner they found the ground red with ripe strawberries.

"Oh, I'm glad you persuaded me to come round, I should not have thought of coming to this thick spot," said John.

"Papa says we always fare the best when we do right," said Henry.

"I believe we ought always to do right, but I am not sure we always fare the best in consequence. Last Sunday Jim Simons went a strawberrying, and got the finest basket of strawberries I ever see."

"Ever saw," the school ma'm says.

The school-mistress had charged her pupils to correct one another when they spoke inaccurately. "Well, ever saw then," said John good-naturedly.

"I don't think Jim will think he fared the better for violating the Sabbath when God reckons with him," said Henry.

John made no reply, but said to himself, 'I was not thinking of God when I spoke.' The reason why we say and do so many things which are wrong is, that we are not thinking of God.

"There is somebody else strawberrying here," said Henry.

"Where? I don't see."

"That fellow there with a brown coat and red waistcoat."

"Oh! the robin, keep still, keep still, get me a stone."

"What for," said Henry, taking hold of John's arm, "let us see what he is doing."

They watched him, and saw him pick a large ripe strawberry, and fly away to a neighbouring tree. They followed him, and found he had a nest there with three young ones in it.

"He is picking strawberries for his babies—I would not hurt him for any thing," said John.

Why did he tell Henry to keep still, and ask for a stone? He didn't think what he was doing. Boys often do foolish and cruel things which they would not do if they would only think.

John and Henry picked as many strawberries as they wished for, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in play, all the happier for not having been disobedient to their parents, or cruel to the birds.

A LION IN THE WAY.

"Yes, there is always a lion in his way," said Mr. Hall to a gentleman with whom he was conversing in the parlor. Justin entered the parlor at that moment. He heard the remark of his father, but was a good deal puzzled as to its meaning. He had read about lions, and, like most children, was greatly interested in them. He would have gone farther to see a lion than to see any other animal.

He wished very much to know to whom his father had reference in the remark above quoted, but he could not think of asking him while he was engaged in conversation. Some boys would have said at once, in violation of good breeding and good grammar, "Who are you talking about?"

But Justin had been well brought up, and besides had a good natural sense of propriety. He sat down and kept silence, hoping that he should hear something which would enable him to infer the fact which he wished to know. In general, he loved to *think out* things instead of troubling his friends with numberless questions. It was a good trait in his character.

Justin did not succeed in thus learning the fact desired, so as soon as the visitor had departed, he came up to his father, and rested his elbows on his father's knees, and acted as though he wished to ask a question respecting the propriety of which he had some doubt.

"You have some request to make, my son," said Mr. Hall.

"Yes, sir. I wish to ask you of whom you were speaking, when you said there is always a lion in his way."

Mr. Hall saw from Justin's manner that he understood the expression literally. He was somewhat amused at the idea, but refrained from

laughing lest he should hurt Justin's feelings, or discourage his laudable curiosity. He replied to Justin's question, "I was speaking of Mr. Harris: you must be careful and not let a lion get in *your* way."

"If a lion had a mind to get in my way, how could I help it? I'm not as strong as a lion."

"What kind of a scholar is Robert Carr?"

Justin wondered what led his father to ask that question, and his wonder prevented him from replying with his usual promptness. He finally answered in a hesitating manner, "I don't know."

"Don't know! don't you belong to the same class with him?"

"Yes, sir."

"How does it happen, then, that you don't know what kind of a scholar he is?"

"I thought I ought not to say anything against my classmates."

"That is very well; you should never say anything to the disadvantage of another unless

it is true, and unless you are required by some good reason to tell it. But while you try to obey this rule, you should not transgress another one, by saying what is not true. I know that Robert is not a good scholar, and yet he has a very good mind: why is he not a good scholar?"

"Because, sir, he has no resolution. If the lesson looks long he will say, 'I can't get it,' and won't try: and if he comes to a hard place in the lesson he gives right up."

"There is always a lion in his way then."

Justin's eye brightened, for now he understood the reason of his father's asking about Robert, and the meaning of the expression, *a lion in the way*. "I know what you mean now by telling me not to let a lion get in the way: when I undertake a thing, I must not get discouraged, and give it up."

"That is it."

"What if the thing is wrong?"

"You must not undertake it."

"What if I dont find it out till after I have begun?"

"Then stop short."

"Some young lions get in your way sometimes don't they, Justin?" said his mother, who entered the parlor in time to hear the latter part of the conversation.

"I don't know, ma'm," said Justin, doubtingly.

"Have you finished your kite yet?"

"No ma'm."

"Have you finished weeding your flower bed?"

"Not quite."

"Have you read your new book through?"

"Partly."

"What has hindered you? the little lions?"

"I guess so," said Justin smiling, though he felt the reproof contained in his mother's remarks.

Justin like a great many other boys, began a great many things which he never finished. This is a very bad habit: it should never be formed, or if formed, should be corrected at once,

otherwise it will grow worse and worse. There are some men whom you never can depend upon to get any thing done. In boyhood they fell into the habit of beginning things and not ending them.

"How shall I keep the little lions away?" said Justin.

"By always finishing every thing which you begin," said his father.

"But I get so tired of some things."

"No matter, you must finish them for the sake of the habit; must finish them for the sake of finishing them. If you always keep to this rule, you will be more careful about beginning things. You will think more before you act, and will plan more wisely. When I was a boy I was very much like you. They used to call me great at beginning, but I seldom completed any thing. My father saw it, and took me in hand, and made me finish whatever I began, if possible. In that way I corrected the habit, and I should be glad if you would correct it in your

case, my son, without the interposition of my authority."

Justin resolved that he would follow his father's example.

A THORN IN THE BREAST.

"WHAT is the matter, John?" said his sister as he came home crying from a visit to one of the neighbors.

"A great deal is the matter. I won't go there again."

"What is the trouble with the boy now?" said his mother, who at that moment came into the room.

"There has been a quarrel, I suppose: I would not let him go there again. The boys almost always disagree," said the sister.

"What have Henry and you had difficulty about?" said Mrs. M.

"We have not had any difficulty," said John.

"What has been to pay then? What were you crying about?"

"Mr. Green came along with a load of apples, and we asked him for some, and he gave us some,—and—" here John's voice began to falter.

"That was very kind in Mr. Green; so you cried about it, and came home to let us see how you looked crying."

"No, but he gave Henry a great deal the best ones." He uttered this in a tone which showed that in his opinion he had been treated with great injustice.

"Is that all the cause for trouble you have had to-day?" said his mother.

"Yes ma'am, and it is cause enough," said John pertly.

His mother gave him a look of mingled rebuke and sorrow which made him hang his head. He felt that he had done wrong, but he was not disposed to confess and ask forgiveness. There was silence for a time. Then he made a remark or two, but he received no answer from his mother or sister, so he thought it was best to

withdraw. He went out and sat on a log on the woodpile, and amused himself as well as he was able in picking pieces of bark from it. It was dull business, and he would greatly have preferred being with his mother and sister. He thought of going in and confessing, but he was not sufficiently humbled for that. So he remained unhappy, and suffered his mother to remain unhappy for several hours.

There are a great many children who act as he did in this matter. If he had gone to his mother, and said, "mother, I spoke before I thought, I am sorry I was saucy, please forgive me,"—all would have been well. His mother would have forgiven him, and he would have passed the time very pleasantly, for Mrs. M. was giving her daughter an account of some of the incidents of her childhood, and they were very interesting. When any one does wrong, let him confess and forsake as soon as possible.

John's sister was sorry to have him spend his time so uncomfortably, so she went out to him,

and said, "Are you not sorry that you spoke so to mother?"

"Yes."

"Come in and tell her so and she will forgive you." As he hesitated, she took hold of his hand and led him in. As he seemed ashamed to speak, she spoke for him. "Mother, he says he is sorry; are you not, John."

"Yes, ma'am," said he, going to his mother, and hiding his face in her lap. She kissed him, and added some kind words of admonition, proceeded in her conversation with her daughter. She had not forgotten his complaint about the apples, but intended to speak about it at a more fitting time.

The next day John went to school. At noon he came home crying.

"What is the matter now," said his sister. "I do wish you would come home once in your life without crying."

She spoke in a tone which did not promise him much sympathy, so he answered her, "I

won't tell you," and he went in search of his mother. "Mother, I don't want to go to school any more."

"Why not?"

"Because they treat me so badly."

"Who treat you so badly?"

"All of them. The teacher."

"Speak respectfully of your teacher, or be silent. I know he treats you well. What has happened to-day?"

"Why the new benches came home to-day, and he gave us all our seats, and he gave almost all the boys better seats than he did me."

Children often make their parents very unhappy by their foolish and wicked conduct, when they are not aware of it. John did not seem to think of it, for when his mother said to him in reply to his last remark, "You make me very unhappy," it took him by surprise. His mother saw that his better feelings were touched, sat down, and drawing him near to her, said, "Tell

me all about the apples yesterday. Was Mr. Green under obligation to give you any?"

"No, ma'am."

"If he was disposed to give the large ones to Henry, what right had you to complain?"

"I had no right."

"Are you sure Henry's apples were the largest?"

"I thought they were."

"Did you compare them?"

"No, ma'am."

"I presume Mr. Green had no intention of making any difference between you. Probably he took the apples just as they came to hand. Did he spend any time in selecting them?"

"No, ma'm, he put his hand behind him as he was riding along, and threw out two to Henry and two to me."

"There was no chance for partiality then, which he had a perfect right to show if he chose. After all perhaps your apples were quite as good as Henry's—perhaps they were better. How

foolish and wicked to make yourself so unhappy without reason. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am," in a whisper, and he covered his face for shame.

"In regard to the seats, the case is probably about the same. Had you any right to the best seat?"

"As good a right as any body."

"Had you any better right to it than any body else?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you get the poorest seat of all?"

"No, ma'am, there were a good many below me?"

"Why should they not cry because you are above them?"

John could give no good reason, so he was silent.

"John, what should you think of a person who should always be thrusting a thorn into his breast?"

"I should think he was very foolish," said he

with animation, for he thought she was leaving a subject which was unpleasant to him.

"You are daily planting a thorn in your breast—you are doing that which will give you more pain than a real thorn would—you are indulging and cherishing an envious and complaining disposition. You are disposed to think that other boy's things are better than yours. This disposition will grow upon you more and more if you continue to indulge it. It will destroy your happiness and that of your friends. Now you must tear this thorn out by the roots."

"How shall I do it?"

"In the first place, never ask whether other persons have better things, or are better treated than yourself. If you are tempted to do so, remember that all your things are better than you deserve, and that you are treated better than you deserve to be. In the next place, never complain if you are constrained to think that you have been ill used. Commit your cause to Him who judgeth righteously. Finally: be

thankful for all that you have, and be content that God's will should be done in respect to you in all things both great and small."

She then led him to her private room, and. kneeling with him, prayed for him that he might have grace given him to overcome the fault which threatened so seriously his temporal and eternal happiness.

A GREAT VICTORY.

Mr. Arnold had taught his son to go and come directly when sent on an errand. Gilbert was very obedient in this, as well as other respects; but one day, partly because he desired to know the reasons of things, and partly because of his habit of asking questions, he said to Mr. Arnold, "Papa, why do you never allow me to stop and play with the boys, or see things, when you send me on an errand?"

"I think it strange," said Mr. Arnold, "that you should ask such a question. The matter is plain enough without any reason."

"Why, I don't think so, papa," replied Gilbert.

"Suppose I send you to the post-office for a letter, and you stop to play on the way, and

keep me waiting when I wish to go elsewhere and attend to some business: is there no harm in that?"

"Yes, sir; but I should not stop if I knew you were waiting, and wished to go any where."

"Suppose I did not wish to go any where when you started, but in the meantime a gentleman calls for me to go with him somewhere, and I wish to receive the letter first; you say to yourself, 'Papa is in no hurry, so I will play a little:' would there no inconvenience arise in that case?"

"If such a thing should happen, you might come after me," said Gilbert, not perceiving, in the earnestness of his desire not to be silenced, the uncourteousness of the remark.

"I think I could be better employed than in running after boys, in such circumstances. By a strict adherence to the rule all inconvenience and trouble would be avoided."

"If I got a letter, I see that I ought to come right home with it, but if I didn't get one, I

might stop a little while. I couldn't keep papa waiting for what I hadn't got."

Gilbert thought this was rather keen, though he suspected it was not very sound reasoning.

"There is a great difference between keeping your father waiting for a letter, and keeping him waiting to know whether he had one or not, isn't there?"

"No, sir," said Gilbert, rather crest-fallen, but returning to the charge, he said, "But sometimes I could be sure papa wouldn't have to wait for me; what harm could there be in my stopping a little while then?"

"You never can be perfectly sure. If it were left to your judgment, you would sometimes judge erroneously. The only sure way to avoid all trouble and difficulty is, when you are sent on an errand, to go directly, do it faithfully, and return immediately."

"Well, sir, that is the rule I will always follow."

"I once knew a great misfortune occasioned by a boy who reasoned as you have been doing.

He was sent for a letter. This was in the morning. He got the letter from the office, and was coming home when he met a party of kite-flyers. He wished to join them, and did so, saying to himself, 'Father is away off in the field at work, and won't come home till noon. He won't get the letter till noon if I go right home, so there will be no harm in my stopping for a while.' The boys soon left the street for a neighbouring hill, where the wind blew fairer; and then they went to one still higher and more distant. The letter boy went with them. In the mean time a man from a neighbouring township came for his father. He went into the field where he was at work, and wished him to go with him without delay. The father did not wish to go till he had seen the letter he had sent for. He wondered his boy did not come with it. He waited for a little while, and then went to the office himself. He found the letter had been taken out by his son, but he did not find his son. He was obliged to go without it, leav-

ing directions to have it sent to him by the next mail. It was sent, but it reached him one day too late. If he had received it the day it was taken out of the office, he could have attended to the business it contained in time. The consequence was the loss of a lawsuit in which he was engaged, and a large part of his property. He died a few years afterwards, and when his will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed his son a kite, and the remainder of his property to his daughters."

A few days after the above related conversation, Mr. Arnold directed Gilbert to go to the store and purchase a gimlet for him.

"Papa," said he, as he was about to set out, "shall you want it immediately?"

"I shall not use it till afternoon," said his father. He did not tell Gilbert to come back immediately, for he knew the rule, but he felt a little anxious in consequence of the question, lest he should stop, especially as it was holiday

with the village school. He said nothing however which intimated suspicion or distrust.

Gilbert went to the store and purchased the gimlet. On his return he met a troop of boys in martial array. There was the captain with a real captain's hat and plume, which a good-natured militia officer had lent him, and the drummer with a very respectable drum. These were the two most attractive members of the company. They had no fifer, but then a boy who "whistled uncommonly well" undertook to supply his place. Their flag bore the motto, "Liberty or death." When they marched, their step was not quite as regular as that of regular troops, and if they did not look very fierce they looked very happy.

Gilbert was at once solicited to enlist in this valorous army, and he felt a very strong desire to do so. His military spirit was roused. But he felt constrained to decline. He was offered promotion.

"Come, now," said the captain, "'list, and you shall be a sergeant."

"I can't," said Gilbert.

"Yes, you can, if you have a mind to. You shall carry the flag if you will."

This was a very tempting offer, and Gilbert almost cried as he declined it. It was well he did decline it, for otherwise the captain's authority might have been put in peril, for when the standard bearer heard the offer he grasped it more tightly, and plainly showed by his manmer that he would part with it only with his life.

"I must go home now," said Gilbert, "but I will ask my father; and if he will let me I will come."

"Better make sure of it now," said the fifer, alias whistler; "like as not he won't let you come."

"What have you to take home?" said the captain. Gilbert told him.

"Your father won't want it yet a while; so you can stay well enough."

"I know he won't want it till afternoon, but he didn't tell me I might stay."

"I'm glad I havn't got such a strict father," said one whose father frequently had lodgings in the county jail, from certain mistakes he was liable to make in regard to the right of property.

"Your father didn't say you shouldn't stop," said the drummer, "did he?"

"No."

"Then you don't disobey him by stopping; so step into the ranks."

This reasoning would have satisfied some boys in such circumstances of strong temptation, but it did not satisfy Gilbert. Still less did a remark of another boy of valour, "Your father will never know it, if you don't stop too long."

"Take him prisoner," said the orderly sergeant; "press him."

Several now seized him and led him into the ranks, or rather, rank.

"There now," continued the said officer, "you

"I must go home. I've stopped too long already."
See Page 133.

can't go, and you are not to blame for not doing what is impossible."

Gilbert thought for a moment that this might be a valid excuse for staying, but then he knew it was possible for him to go home. He was the swiftest runner in school, and could escape from them if he pleased.

"It is no use to talk," said he, almost crying, "I must go home. I've stopped too long already. I guess I shall be right back."

He set out. No effort was made to detain him. He could not help crying when he saw them marching off, with colours flying and the drum beating, to the storming of Fort Constitution, a sheep-pen near a neighbouring stream. He reached home, told his father his story, and received his permission to be a soldier for the day. Away he bounded with a light heart, all the lighter for the victory gained by him in the moral battle that was fought in his own bosom. Such are the victories which make men heroes in the sight of God.

THE FRIEND.

MARIA's father and mother came to live in the village of A——, when she was about ten years old. The first two girls who came to see her were Amelia and Laura. They were both about the same age with her. They called on the same afternoon, though they did not come together. What impression they made upon Maria's mind will appear from the following conversation held with her mother after their departure.

"Mother," said Maria, "I think I shall like Amelia better than Laura: I do now."

"Why, my daughter?"

"Because, she has the prettiest name."

"That is a poor reason for giving her the

preference. We should esteem persons according to the good qualities they possess. With these the name they happen to bear has nothing to do."

"But don't you like one name better than another?"

"Yes, but a name and a person are two things."

"Don't you think that a person with a pretty name is the more likely to be good? I do."

The emphatic maner in which she pronounced these last words seemed to render the expression of opinion on the part of her mother useless: she therefore kept silent. Maria felt the silent reproof.

After a while her mother said: "I hope you will find Amelia to be a pleasant and useful acquaintance; I was myself better pleased with Laura."

"Why, mother, Laura said scarcely any thing to me, and Amelia talked all the time."

"Laura, I think, talked fast enough till Ame-

lia came, and what is better, talked in a very in telligent manner."

"Yes, ma'am, but that was only for a few minutes; after Amelia came she hardly spoke once."

"Because Amelia gave her no opportunity. It struck me that she was not very polite."

"I don't think," said Maria, anxious to defend her new favourite, "that Amelia meant to be rude —only she had so much to say. When she went away she begged me to come and see her to-morrow."

"Did not Laura invite you to come and see her?"

"Yes, ma'am, but she did not urge me and make me promise to come soon, as Amelia did."

In a day or two Maria returned Amelia's visit. She found her as pleasant as she expected. They entered into a covenant of everlasting friendship and exchanged secrets. Maria was delighted. She always wanted to love and be beloved ardently.

When she returned home, she said, "Oh mo-

ther! I have had such a good visit. I am sure I shall like Amelia better than any body else here."

"Remember the old proverb, 'hot love is soon cold.' Friendships of slower growth are most apt to be permanent."

"I don't see why?"

"Because they are the result of acquaintance with good qualities instead of caprice."

In a few days Maria began to attend the village school. Amelia took possession of her, and would not allow her to walk, and scarcely to speak with any other girl. This was not altogether pleasant to Maria, as she wished to be civil to all, and to be on good terms with all; but as it was the result of Amelia's ardent affection for her, she could not be offended. Some sacrifices must be made for such a friend.

Amelia also told whom she must like and whom she must dislike, the latter class being by far the most numerous.

Maria had been taught not to dislike any body. She hardly knew what to do. She finally conclu-

ded to compromise the claims of friendship and duty by substituting *not* liking instead of *disliking*. In consequence her manner towards most of the girls was such as led them to treat her with reserve, if not with coldness.

In a little more than a week a new girl came to school. Amelia took her under her protection and guidance, and from that time had no more to say to Maria than to the other girls. She attempted to go with her as before, but was rudely repulsed, and when she complained with tears, she was laughed at by Amelia and all the other girls except Laura. Maria now became angry and reproached her friend for her cruelty, and she in return communicated to the girls all Maria's secrets, especially all she had said in confidence about any of the other girls. None of these sayings of Maria were malicious, but as they were expressions of unfavourable opinions as to the beauty and accomplishments of divers girls, the publication of them was not calculated to increase the author's popularity.

The mother observed that her daughter now went to school with less alacrity, and came home dispirited. She made enquiries respecting the cause and learned the facts above stated.

"My dear," said her mother, "you see the truth of what I told you about sudden friendships; you were not disposed to believe me then."

"I know it, ma'am."

"Let this teach you then to pay regard to the experience of those on whom you can rely."

"I don't know as I can rely on any body."

"Why so?"

"I thought Amelia was the best friend I ever had, and she is false."

"Young persons are very apt to form sweeping conclusions from a few facts. When they have been disappointed once or twice, they conclude that none are to be trusted. But it is not so. There are many true-hearted persons in the world. But the friendship of such persons is not gained in a day. How does Laura treat you?"

"She is almost the only girl that speaks to

me, and that I speak to. They don't speak to me, and I won't to them."

"Where did you find that rule of conduct? In your Sabbath School lesson?"

"No, ma'am," said Maria, somewhat ashamed as the golden rule was brought to her recollection. After a pause, "I shall never have any friends here—I wish we were back where we came from."

"What shall I do?"

"Always do right. In the first place refrain from all unkindness towards Amelia, and if she makes any advances towards a reconciliation, treat her kindly, but do not become intimate with her again. Treat all the other girls with kindness, and if they are a little reserved at first, that will soon pass away."

Maria followed her mother's advice. In due time she had the respect and esteem of all her school-mates, and finally she enjoyed the pleasure and advantage of an intimate and lasting friendship with Laura.

TAKING NOT STEALING.

"WHERE did you get those fine apples?" said Julius to David, as they met on their way to school on a pleasant September morning.

"I got them," said David, with a knowing toss of the head.

"Please give me one."

"O yes, I can get plenty of them. Here."

Julius took the apple which David held out to him. It was very large and very red. It was perfectly ripe, and of a delicious flavor.

"David, I know where this apple grew," said Julius, as he began to eat it.

"Like enough," said David.

"It grew in Mr. Lawton's orchard."

"You are right there."

The tree which produced the apple was the only one of the kind in the township. The wicked boys vexed the owner so much by stealing his fruit that he was not quite so liberal with it as he should have been. When the little folks asked him for an apple, he seldom granted their request. This was not kind to be sure, but then it did not justify their taking it without liberty.

"David, how did you get so many?" said Julius as he saw that both his pockets were full as well as the crown of his hat

"I know."

"Did you buy them?"

"No."

"Did Mr. Lawton give them to you?"

"Not exactly."

"How did you come by them, then?"

By this time the apple which Julius had made some progress in eating with great relish, began to taste less pleasantly, for he began to suspect that David had stolen the fruit, and he remem-

bered the proverb that 'the partaker is as bad as the thief.'

"Now, David," said he, "tell me, and don't get angry, did you ——"

"Did you what?" said David impatiently, as he observed Julius' hesitation.

"Did you steal these apples?"

"No," said David with great energy, and some apparent indignation.

At this moment they reached the school-house. The teacher had just entered. Julius paused a moment at the door to finish his apple, that he might not violate a rule of the school which forbade the eating of fruit in school.

At noon David made a great display of his apples to the great envy of the scholars. As he would not give any of them away, several of the boys got out of humour with him, and began to make remarks that implied that he had not come honestly by them.

"I don't want any of them," said Hugh Stone.

who had begged the hardest for one in vain, "I know that he stole them."

"I did'nt steal them neither," said David, angrily.

"I know you did, for you hadn't any money to buy them with, and Old Lawton never gave them to you, so you must have stolen them."

"You are a fine fellow to talk—to call Mr. Lawton *Old* Lawton: I would'nt be a saucy boy for a good deal," said David.

"And I would not be a thief for a good deal," retorted Hugh.

"I tell you I did not steal them," said David.

"How *did* you get them?" asked several of the boys who had gathered round the disputants.

"I took them," said David.

The announcement of this distinction in morals raised so loud a shout that David thought proper to retire sulkily towards home.

There was now a good deal of discussion

among the boys as to what ought to be done with him.

"He must be called up; we can't have such doings in our school," said one who had very earnestly desired an apple. It was well understood that his zeal for justice was owing to his disappointment.

"The master ought to know it," said another, but another earnestly protested against giving any such information. To this protest no reply was made, though the countenances of some showed that they did not altogether acquiesce in the doctrine that the faults of a person must be concealed from those who have a right to know them.

"Let us have a court and try him," said one.

"Good," said Hugh, "I'll be the sheriff to take him."

The idea of a court pleased all the boys. In a few minutes a justice was chosen, and the self-appointment of Hugh confirmed.

Hugh set out immediately in pursuit of David.

He found him sitting on a stone wall about half way between the school-house and his father's house. He was eating apples, but did not seem to enjoy them right well. He did not look up or speak to Hugh as he approached. Hugh, came up to him, and placing his hand on his shoulder a little harder than was necessary, exclaimed, "You are my prisoner."

"Hugh Stone, you had better keep your hands off from me," said David.

"You must come with me, and be tried by the court; you will most likely be sent to state's prison."

"You let me alone."

"I tell you I'm sheriff, and I was sent to arrest you and bring you before the court. Come, you must go." He took hold of his arm and pulled him from the wall. David remained passive till his feet rested on the ground, when he dealt Hugh a blow on his breast that laid him prostrate on his back. Hugh arose from the ground in great wrath, and there was a

prospect of a pitched battle, when a gentleman interfered and put an end to hostilities, and told them that he should inform their teacher of their conduct. Neither of them seemed to care much for this. David thought he was safe because he could plead that he acted in self-defence. Hugh could plead his official character David did not see that inquiries would be made into the merits of the case which was the basis of the proceedings in question.

When school began, David and Hugh were called up and their statements were heard. The teacher reprimanded Hugh for proceeding to force, without higher authority than he possessed. The consideration of David's case was adjourned till after school.

In a long conversation with David, the teacher elicited the following facts. His father's hired man, in going after the cows, had occasion to pass through Mr. Lawton's orchard. He picked up a few apples that lay on the ground under

the trees, and gave some to David. David asked him if it was not stealing, since it was "taking without liberty." He said it was not, for he did not go to the orchard for the purpose of getting the apples. He was passing through it for another purpose, and picked up some apples, without permission, it is true, but with no purpose of doing wrong.

The next day David asked permission to go for the cows, and it was granted. He went through the orchard, and filled his pockets and hat with apples. He had persuaded himself that he had only done as the hired man did—that he did not go to the orchard for the purpose of taking the apples, but passed through it on his way after the cows. Hence it was *taking*, and not *stealing*. The teacher pointed out to him the particulars in which he had deceived himself and showed him that there was no such distinction in his case, as he had endeavored to make out. He concluded his reprimand by ex-

pressing the hope that he would never deceive himself in like manner, nor suffer others to deceive him again. I hope the reader will practice on the same wise advice.

LESSONS OF THE STARS.

ANNETTA FRANKLIN had a fine perception of the beauties of nature. She was a great lover of flowers and took great pains in their cultivation. The forest and mountain scenery which surrounded the place of her nativity delighted her. A thousand sources of enjoyment were open to her, which are closed to those who have not an eye for the beautiful in God's handy work. She was a christian, and always turned from a contemplation of the beauties and sublimity of nature to their great author, and in view of their glories could exclaim with Milton, "Thyself how glorious!" and in view of an humble consciousness of the love of holiness in her heart she could exclaim with Cowper, "My father made them

all." Alas that so few of the young should follow her example.

Of all the works of her Father, she thought the stars were the most beautiful. It might be said with some degree of truth, that she admired all the other works of God while she *loved* the stars. They were to her the gems of the material universe. Often at eventide in summer she would sit in the midst of the garden and watch them as they came out one by one counting them till the increasing darkness of the sky caused them to appear so rapidly as to put all attempts at counting at defiance. Some times in midwinter she would wrap herself up warmly, and go out and gaze for a long time on those bright stars.

It was not the mere gratification of the sight that she sought: this will appear in the sequel.

One evening—it was a calm summer evening —there was no moon—the sky was cloudless and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy—there was now and then a little breath of air

stirring, just enough to show that nature was alive. Annetta had stolen unobserved from the parlor, and had seated herself in the garden, and was watching her old friends, as she used sportively to call them. A cousin who was visiting in the family came in search of her, as she said, though she very well knew where to find her.

"Annetta" said her cousin Elizabeth, "what do you see in the stars that makes you look at them so much? I have heard of persons being moon-struck—you must be star-struck I think."

"There is no harm in looking at them, is there?" said Annetta making room for Elizabeth to sit by her side,

"No, if we don't waste too much time upon them."

Elizabeth had been taught that all time was wasted that did not in some way contribute to pecuniary profit. She had been *taught* this, but she did not fully receive the doctrine though it had its influence on her mind.

"I do not think" replied Annetta, "that the

time is wasted which is spent in admiring and reflecting on the works of our Heavenly Father. What more beautiful objects than the stars has he given us to admire?"

"They are beautiful to be sure, but one has seen them hundreds of times."

"You have seen your mother and sister hundreds of times, yet you love to see them, don't you?"

"There is some difference between my mother and sister and a star."

"I know there is, and yet there is, or should be, a likeness too. The most pure and glorious created beings are compared in the Bible to stars. The righteous shall shine as 'the stars in the firmament.' The glorious Redeemer is called 'the bright and Morning Star.' We ought to be like the stars, and I think, that contemplating them is a means of becoming so."

"We ought to be like the stars! what an idea! How can we be like the stars?"

"Well, perhaps, the language I used is not

very accurate, I will express myself differently. The stars teach us many lessons which it will be wise for us to learn."

"I should like to know what. Let me hear one of the stars' lessons."

"Their steady constant radiance reminds me that I should always be cheerful—that I should always meet my fellow creatures with a pleasant countenance. Sometimes I feel gloomy and depressed, then when I look up and see the stars shining brightly, cheerful, as it were, I feel that to be in harmony with God's universe I must be cheerful too. You say I am always cheerful. It is owing in part to the stars, or rather to the Maker of the stars," added she in a lower and reverential voice.

"You mentioned only a part of the lesson,', said Elizabeth: "The stars don't shine all the time—the clouds often obscure them—so we ought not to be cheerful all the time—there now."

This was spoken in a tone of triumph, as

though there could be no answer to what she had said.

"I beg your pardon," said Annetta, "you do not read the lesson right. They do shine all the time: the clouds and tempest seem to try to prevent their shining, but in vain. When there is an opening in the cloud you see them shining on. They teach us that the clouds and storms of adversity should never disturb the serenity of our souls—that we should ever be cheerful —should 'rejoice evermore.'"

"Have you got to the end of the lesson?" said Elizabeth.

"Oh no. As the stars shine with a pure and steady light they remind us that the light of our conduct and example should be pure and steady —that we should not be affectionate to our friends to day, and indifferent to-morrow,—benevolent to-day, and selfish to-morrow,—engaged in devotion to-day, and wedded to the world to-morrow. We should let our light shine steadily—should act consistently."

"We don't always feel in the same manner, and hence cannot always act in the same manner. I know that what you have pointed out is desirable, but it is not possible. I like lessons that can be put in practice."

"So do I. I know it is difficult to attain the consistency I spoke of, yet every christian has a right to say with the Apostle 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

Elizabeth made no reply, for she felt that she was not a christian, and hence could not adopt the words of the Apostle.

After a little while Annetta proceeded. "The stars not only shine with a pure and steady light but they are always in the same place—or rather we always know where to find them. So should it be with us. Now there are many persons of whom it is said 'we never know where to find them.' They are unstable—now following this, and now that. There is no dependence to be placed on them. We should so

act, that on all occasions, and on all subjects, people may know where to find us."

"Go on" said Elizabeth, "you will set the stars talking before long."

'The stars remind the christian of his bright home beyond those azure depths—of the glorious company of the shining ones which he shall meet with there. If there is any material thing which can make us think of the purity and serenity and glory of heaven it is the stars. Oh may we be so happy as to reach that glorious place!"

The fervor of Annetta's voice as she uttered these words showed how deeply she was interested, how firmly her affections were fastened on that better country.

Elizabeth was silent. As we have said, she was not a christian. She felt that she had no title to that place of which her cousin spoke with such rapture. A tear stood in her eye.

"There is one thing more," continued Annetta, "which the stars remind us of—the star of

Bethlehem. The sweetest thoughts I have ever had, have been when watching some bright particular star, I have been led to think of the star that guided the shepherds to the Saviour—and of that *bright and glorious Star*, which alone can guide the wandering sinner to a home above.

Elizabeth was melted to tears. She threw her arms around Annetta and exclaimed, "Oh that I had your feelings!—I should then be happy."

THE ORPHAN

"MOTHER," said Angelica Stone, as she came home from school one day, "there is one girl in the school whom I dislike so much that it really makes me unhappy."

"I can readily believe the latter part of your remark," replied Mrs. Stone. "No person can indulge wrong feelings and not be unhappy. No person can carry a viper in the bosom and not be stung. You know it is wrong to dislike any human being."

"I'm sure," said Angelica, "I don't wish to dislike her, but I can't help it. It would be a great deal more pleasant to like her. I do not think it is *very* wrong to dislike a person when we don't do it on purpose."

"Where do you find the law which forbids you to do what is *very* wrong, while it allows you to do what is not *very* wrong, but still *wrong*. I thought God's law forbade everything wrong."

Angelica saw that there was no ground for the distinction which she had made. A great many young persons make it and involve themselves in guilt by so doing. A great many in view of some temptation, say "it is not very wrong," and so yield to it. They thus go on hardening their hearts, and preparing themselves for heinous crimes.

"Angelica" continued her mother, "why do you dislike your schoolmate so much? has she injured you in any way?"

"No ma'am."

"Is she a rival of yours?"

"Oh no ma'am, she is very backward in her studies."

"What is the reason, then; is it mere caprice?"

"No, mother, but she is such a strange girl. She never speaks to anybody unless she is spoken to"——

"Not a *very* bad habit," said Mrs. Stone, by way of parenthesis.

"And if you speak to her she seems frightened out of her wits, and yet gives a very bold answer; and she uses such vulgar language, and she is so awkward, and dresses so strangely, that altogether I can't help disliking her."

"You said she used vulgar language; do you mean coarse, indelicate?"

"No ma'am, but such language as very ignorant people use."

"She don't seem to thrust herself in anybody's way, nor to intend to give offence in any way, does she?"

"No ma'am."

"How do the girls treat her?"

'Some of them laugh at her, and try to plague her."

How do you treat her?"

"I avoid her as much as possible."

"And you find your dislike rather increasing."

"Yes ma'am."

"Let me ask you, seriously, my dear, is it right for you to allow yourself to dislike a person who has never injured you? Is it right for you to allow yourself to dislike any one?"

After a pause, Angelica was constrained to answer, "No ma'am, it is not right."

"Then you are sensible you have done wrong?"

"Yes ma'am."

"The next thing for you to do is to overcome this prejudice which you have felt towards the poor girl."

"I should be glad if you will tell me how."

"That I can easily. Confess your sin to God, and pray for forgiveness and grace, and then treat her with special kindness, treat her as though you loved her."

"Why mother you are advising me to prac-

tise hypocrisy. It will be just the same as if I told her I loved her when I do not."

"No, it will not. If you were to treat her as I advise, with the design of making her think you love her when you do not, that would be hypocrisy. But that will not be your design. You treat her thus, because it is right that you should do so, and that your prejudice against her may be removed from your mind."

"But the girls will thidk I am deceiving her."

"They will not think so long: and besides, when we are sure our motives are right, we are not to be troubled about the temporary misconstruction which others may put upon them."

"Well, mother, I will begin to-morrow; but it will be hard work."

Before recording how well she kept her resolution, I will give some account of the girl alluded to in the above related conversation.

Her name was Susan Barbour. Her father was a native of an obscure country village, the youngest of five sons, who cultivated the rough

and unproductive farm of their father. At an early age he determined to obtain an education and enter one of the learned professions. In the struggle necessary for the attainment of his object his health failed. He graduated with honor, but was constrained to abandon his pursuit of a profession. He took charge of a few pupils, and after a time, his health somewhat improving, he married the daughter of a clergyman. The husband and wife were fitted for each other,—both were gentle, refined, affectionate to enthusiasm. They lived for a few years happily but for his declining health. He sunk into the grave when their only child was four years of age. Though learned, and polished, and amiable, he had not yielded to the teaching of the Spirit. Bitter was the anguish of the husband and father, as he felt that he had no God to whom he could commit his unportioned widow and daughter; bitter the anguish of the wife as she saw her husband die, and "give no sign."

After his death, Mrs. Barbour supported herself and daughter by instructing a class of young ladies, a task for which her finished education fully qualified her. All her affections were concentrated on her daughter, whose graceful form, quick intelligence and sympathy, awakened the admiration and love of all who knew her.

In four years from the death of her husband, she was laid beside him, in the graveyard. Susan was now an orphan. No relative was near, yet many a tear of sympathy was shed, and many a door thrown open for her shelter.

In a short time, an uncle from a distant part of the country wrote to inform her that he should soon come to take her home. Though she had never seen him, and though she fully appreciated the kindness of her friends in S——, and though she dreaded the idea of leaving the place of her parent's sepulchre, yet the word *home* held out hopes to which her young heart could not but cling. She wanted to see one who was bone of her father's bone, and flesh of his

flesh, that she might have an object on which she might properly pour out the fullness of her affection.

She was one day returning from the grave of her parents, with her eyes red with weeping; for young as she was, she went to the grave to weep there; when the news met her that her uncle had come. She hastened to her temporary home. She met her long desired uncle. He was a rough made, bashful, but not unkind man. She was a little chilled by his aspect, so different from that of her well remembered father. She pressed forward to embrace him, and he awkwardly extended his hand.

"Are you well?" were his first words.

"Yes sir," was her reply, and she wept profusely.

"Dear creature," said the kind friend, whose hospitality she was enjoying, "she takes it hard; I hope she will find a father in you."

There was no kind and soothing assurance of affection and support. Had her uncle no feel-

ing? Yes, and he felt deeply for the orphan as she wept before him, but like many of the working-men of the land, he seemed ashamed to give any expression to his feelings of tenderness.

"She will get over it when she gets with her cousins," said Mr. Barbour: this which was meant to be soothing, but added to her grief.

The next morning Susan bid adieu to many kind friends, and set out with her uncle on his journey home. As they left the village they passed the graveyard. As they were passing the gate, Susan said, "are you not going to stop?"

She had not supposed it possible that he could leave the place without visiting the grave of her father. "Are you not going to stop?" repeated she, as he did not heed her first question.

"Stop! What for? Have you left anything?"

"No sir."

"What should I stop for then? Oh! you

mean stop on the way. Yes, I shall stop a great many times before we get home."

Susan did not correct his misapprehension of her question. With an aching heart she watched the two loved hillocks till a turn in the road hid them from her sight.

The new things which she saw by the way diverted her young mind, and led her to look forward with hope to her new home. On the third day they arrived there. It was not the neat farm-house which her fancy had pictured. It was situated in a retired part of the township, in a place called the Hollow. It was small and inconvenient, and no shrubbery or flowers were about it. A large number of children, coarse, uncombed, and sunburnt, rushed out to meet the wagon, and gazed intensely on the stranger.

"All well?" said the father, with something that would have passed in the Hollow for a smile.

"Yes sir." was the reply.

This was the sum of the greetings which took place after a week of separation. Her uncle led Susan into the house. "So you have got back," said his wife. "This is your niece," said Mr. Barbour.

"How do you do," said Mrs. B., eyeing her with a look of curiosity rather than pity.

"Very well ma'am," said Susan, timidly.

"Pull off your things. Here Polly, take her things into the other room. Are you tired?"

This was said in a tone approaching to sympathy, and it touched a chord in Susan's heart, and led her to hope that her aunt might let her love her. But the remark which followed extinguished that hope.

"Jane," said Mrs. B., "don't stare your eyes out, you will have time enough to see her before she goes, I guess."

Young as she was, and unaccustomed to the language of selfishness, she saw from those words that she was not a welcome guest, and a heavier weight was laid on her pressed heart.

"Are you glad you got home?" said Mrs. B., to Susan with a smile.

"Yes ma'am," said Susan with hesitancy, and a tear filled her eye as she contrasted her present with her former home. Mrs. B. noticed it, and guessed too truly what was passing in Susan's mind. It checked the rising of sympathy which she began to feel.

The children now gathered round her, and began to question her. She answered their questions with propriety and elegance of language which was habitual to her, but which provoked her aunt to remark: "Don't speak so womanish. It looks as though you thought yourself better than other folks."

The next morning Susan's clothing was examined, "to see if she had anything fit to wear every day." The result was that she had not; and so a coarse, and not over clean frock of one of her cousins was given to her. She hardly knew herself in the hideous dress, and could not wholly conceal her repugnance to it: this was

not unmarked by the mother and her hopeful progeny.

"You must help us some about the work, you know," said Mrs. Barbour.

"Yes ma'am, I shall be glad to," said Susan. Domestic services were required of her which she attempted to perform, but not always successfully. Her aunt attributed her ignorance in this department to wilfulness, her sadness to discontent and ingratitude. The children finding her complying, imposed their tasks upon her; at first by way of request, then by falsely using their mother's authority; and then by assumed authority in their own right. For her there was no encouraging voice, no smile of love. Her uncle's was the only eye before which she did not quail. He knew nothing of her servitude. He was always at work in the field during the day, and slept in his chair as soon as evening came. For aught he knew, Susan was as kindly treated as the other children.

The consciousness that her uncle felt kindly

towards her, led her to pay him those delicate attentions, which even the rustic does not fail to appreciate. By this, her motives were misinterpreted, and her burden in consequence increased.

We pass over an interval of five years. Those five long, wearisome years Susan spent in that family, and the effects were apparent. All grace and elegance of form and manner had disappeared. She was timid, uncouth, and ignorant. No one would have taken her for the gentle and lady-like girl that five years before entered that dwelling.

Her uncle at length perceived the treatment she received, but remonstrance was in vain, and his own attempts at especial kindness, rendered her situation still more uncomfortable. He then declared that she should stay there no longer, "like a cow to be hooked by every creature in the yard," a comparison characteristic and truthful. He placed her with a distant relative in the village of L ——, and sent her to

school, intending to put her in a factory when what he called her education should be completed. Thus she became a member of the same school with Angelica Stone, and thus were formed those peculiarities, which produced so strong a prejudice against her in Angelica's mind. If she had known her history would she have felt those prejudices? Would she have felt unkindly towards the heart-oppressed orphan?

Let us be careful how we suffer feelings of aversion to rise against any one: the history of that person may be as sad as the history of Susan. How wise the rule to love all men.

About a week after the formation of the resolution of Angelica to overcome her dislike to Susan, her mother said to her, "How do you get along with Susan?"

"Pretty well," said Angelica.

"What have you done with respect to her?"

"The next morning after our conversation, I

went up to her and bade her good morning, and tried to smile."

"How did she receive you?"

"I thought she would have *gone off*, as they say at first."

"Was she not pleased?"

"O yes, very much pleased."

"If you can make a person happy, for a time, by means of two words and a smile, is it not a cheap way of producing happiness?"

"Yes ma'am; and don't you think she has got so that she can say good morning without stammering and blushing, and can bend her head quite gracefully."

"You feel better towards her?"

"Yes, a great deal."

"You are succeeding so well, suppose you proceed farther. Don't you think she would be pleased to have you ask her to take a walk, or to come home with you?"

"Yes ma,am, but I can't say I think it would be very pleasant for me to walk with her."

After school she asked Susan to walk with her in the grove
See Page 179.

"No matter. The question is not what will be most pleasant to you, but what will overcome your prejudice, and make her happy."

Angelica followed her mother's advice. After school she asked Susan to walk with her in the grove. The invitation gave her so much joy, brought so much color to her wan cheek, and gave such a lustre to her eye, that Angelica could not but sympathise in the happiness she had occasioned. In consequence she herself had a very pleasant walk.

She continued the course of attention and kindness to Susan, and began to feel that esteem was fast taking the place of her former dislike. Then Mrs. Stone told her Susan's history, and then she wept that she had felt indifferent, and unkind towards one who had borne so heavy a burden in her childhood. She resolved to make all the amends in her power. She increased her attention and kindness towards the lone orphan, and the gratitude thus awakened, caused her to feel towards her a sister's tender-

ness. She became her constant companion She caused her to spend many days at her own happy home.

It was astonishing to see the change that kindness and courtesy wrought in the orphan. The rustic incrustation that had settled over her, was soon thrown off. Her natural gracefulness of person and manner was recovered. In elegance of language she soon surpassed Angelica. In fulness of feeling her heart had no superior.

At length Mr. Stone received her as a member of his family, intending to fit her for a teacher. In due time she became a teacher, and happy were the children that were intrusted to her care.

Reader, do you feel unkindly towards any human being? Enter on the work of eradicating that feeling without delay. Each heart has a burden that needs not to be increased by your injustice and cruelty.

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